

RIZAL, FILIPINO MARTYR, WROTE REMARKABLE POEM

By FORMER CONGRESSMAN CLYDE H. TAVENNER.



DR. JOSE RIZAL,
The Filipino Patriot.

Every year June 19 is celebrated by Filipinos as the anniversary of the birthday of the Filipino martyr, Dr. Jose Rizal, regarded as the greatest man the Malay race has produced.

Rizal, who spoke seven languages and was a cultured and much traveled man (on one occasion he traveled across the United States), earned the enmity of Spanish governors in the Philippines by protesting against the oppression of the Filipino people. As a boy he had witnessed scenes that sent shafts of grief into his poor soul, and he early dedicated his life to the liberation of his "land adored." At the risk of his life, and at the sacrifice of his career, friends and loved ones, he became the spokesman for the stifled grievances of the countless millions, and thus became "the living indictment of Spain's wretched colonial system."

Rizal could have saved his life, as he had been warned by friends not to return to the islands. He could not be dissuaded, but before returning to Manila left a letter with a friend in Hongkong to be opened after his death, in which he wrote: "Gladly do I go to expose myself to peril, not as any explanation of misdeed (for in this matter I believe myself guiltless of any), but to commend my work and myself offer the example of which I have always preached. A man ought to die for duty and his principles. I hold fast to every idea which I have advanced as to the condition and future of our country, and shall willingly die for it. I hold duties of conscience above all else. Besides I wish to show those who deny us patriotism that we know how to die for duty and principles."

While Rizal was in Europe working for Philippine reforms, the Spanish governor-general, to indirectly punish Rizal, carried on a relentless persecution of his parents and relatives in the Philippines, driving them into exile. To his parents Rizal left a second letter, saying: "Should fate go against me, you will understand that I shall die happy in the thought that my death will end all your troubles. Return to our country and may you be happy in it. Till the last moment of my life I shall be thinking of you and wishing you all good fortune and happiness."

Spain had meanwhile determined on having Rizal's life, foolishly thinking that if his voice was stifled agitation for the reforms he championed would end. Rizal was arrested on a trumped up charge of treason and condemned to death. But no sooner had the firing squad completed its work than the teachings of Rizal almost instantaneously became the passionate inspiration of the whole Filipino race. His unjust execution had simply transferred the intense patriotism of Rizal to the breasts of an entire nation of people. The Philippine nationalism of today dates from the sunshiny morning of December 30, 1896, when Rizal was led forth from his prison to willingly give, as he himself said, his life for his country's redemption.

While touring in the Philippines recently the conviction was ever present in my mind, and I could not throw it off, that the real inspiration as well as the leadership of the Filipino people in their present desire for independence is the spirit of Jose Rizal. The memory of Rizal and the desire for independence seem to be synonymous in the mind of the average Filipino.

Rizal is the inspiration of all classes, of old and young, of all the people: he is not dead, for his spirit is everywhere in that beautiful land. His picture adorns the homes of the poorest families; streets, avenues and cities are named in his honor, while his statue stands in the parks and public squares. In life Rizal was a beautiful character, kind and considerate of all, gladly giving his life for his country, and in memory he has become the national idol. With such a spirit as its national inspiration the Philippines can not help but reach heights now not dreamed of.

While awaiting death in his cell during his last night on earth Rizal wrote a remarkable poem, "My Last Farewell." He secreted the manuscript in an alcohol cooking lamp, where it was found after his execution. It follows:

MY LAST FAREWELL

By DR. JOSE RIZAL.

Farewell, dear fatherland, clime of the sun, carinas, Pearl of the (right seas, our Eden lost; Gladly now I go to give thee this faded life's best, And were it brighter, fresher or more bliss, Still would I give it thee, nor count the cost.

On the field of battle, 'midst the frenzy of fight, Others have given their lives without doubt or heed; The plain morn not—cypress or laurel or lily white, Scaffold or open plain, combat or martyrdom's plight, 'Tis ever the same, to serve our home and country's need.

I die just when I see the dawn break Through the gloom of night, to herald the day. And if color is lacking my blood thou shalt take, Pour'd out at need for thy dear sake, To dye with its crimson thy waking ray.

My dreams, when life first opened to me, My dreams, when the hopes of youth beat high, Were to see thy loved face, O gem of the Orient sea, From gloom and grief, from care and sorrow free; No blush on thy brow, no tear in thine eye.

Dream of my life, my living and burning desire, All hail! cries the soul that is now to take flight; All hail! And sweet it is for thee to expire! To die for thy sake that thou may'st aspire; And sleep in thy bosom eternity's long night.

If ever my grave some day thou seest grow In the grassy sod, a humble flower, Draw it to thy lips and kiss my soul no, While I may feel on my brow in the cold tomb below The touch of thy tenderness, thy breath's warm flower.

Let the moon beam over me soft and serene, Let the dawn shed over me its radiant flashes, Let the wind with and lament over me keen; And if on my cross a bird should be seen, Let it thrill there its hymn of peace to my ashes.

Let the sun draw its vapors up to the sky, And heavenward in purity bear my tardy protest; Let some kind soul o'er my untimely fate cry, And in the still evening a prayer be lifted on high, From thee, O my country, that in God I may rest.

Pray for all those that hapless have died, For all who have suffered the assassin's pain; For our mothers that bitterly their woes have cried, For widows and orphans, for captives by torture tried; And then for thyself that redemption thou may'st gain.

And when the dark night wraps the graveyard around, With only the dead in their vigil to see; Break not my repose or the mystery profound, And perchance thou may'st hear a sad hymn resound; 'Tis I, O my country, raising a song unto thee.

When even my grave is remembered no more, Unmark'd by never a cross or a stone; Let the plow sweep through it, the spade turn it o'er, That my ashes may carpet thy earthly floor, Before into nothingness at last they are flown.

Then will oblivion bring me no care, As over thy vales and plains I sweep, Throbbing and cleansed in thy space and air, With color and light, with song and lament I fare, Ever repeating the faith that I keep.

My fatherland adored, that sadness to my sorrow lends, Beloved Philippines, hear now my last goodbye, I give thee all: parents and kindred and friends; For I go where no slave before the oppressor bends, Where faith can never kill, and God reigns o'er on high.

Farewell, father and mother and brothers, dear friends of the freeds! Thankful ye should be for me that I rest at the end of the long day, Farewell, sweet, from the stranger's land, my joy and my comrade! Farewell, dear ones, farewell! To die is to rest from our labors!

M. E. Church, Notes.
Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.
Preaching services, 11:00 a. m.
Junior League, 6:00 p. m.
Senior League, 7:00 p. m. Subject, "With God in His Great Out of Doors," leader, Carl Teeter.
Preaching Services, 8:00 p. m.
Church Reporter.

In Memoriam.

In memory of S. R. Mitchell, who departed this life July 21, 1920.
The golden gates are open wide,
A gentle voice said come;
And angels from the other side
Welcomed our loved one home.

Farewell, dear father; sweet be thy rest. Weary with years and worn with pain, farewell till in some happy place we shall behold thy face again. 'Tis ours to miss thee all our years, and tender memory of thee keep—there in the Lord to rest. For so he giveth his beloved sleep.

At the Baptist Church.

Rev. F. B. Kinnell, of Webb City, the recently chosen District Missionary of the Spring River Baptist Association, and who will have charge of our church as pastor pro tem until after the district associational meeting which meets at this church in a three days session date of September 16, will preach morning and evening, Sunday, August 29. Membership urged to be present. The public is cordially invited. Rev. Kinnell is one of the strongest preachers in the state. Do not fail to hear him.—Church Reporter.

Thought.

Men fear thought as they fear nothing else on earth—more than ruin, more even than death. Thought is subversive and revolutionary, destructive and terrible; thought is merciless to privilege, established institutions and comfortable habits; thought is anarchic and lawless, indifferent to authority, careless of the well-tried wisdom of the ages. Thought looks into the pit of hell and is not afraid.—Bertrand Russell.

"Devil's Dozen."

The saying "devil's dozen" means the same as "baker's dozen," but the origin differs. It "connotes," as the metaphysicians love to say, 13 loaves of bread instead of 12, and it sprang from the idiotically superstitious attempt to explain the baker's dozen, which also was 13 loaves. This latter practice of giving 13 loaves was due to the drastic penalties in England for shortweighting, and to be safe the baker threw in the extra loaf.

Fraternal Friendship.

A curate of a very nervous temperament was constantly making awkward remarks intended as compliments. Having distinguished himself in an unusual degree during a gathering of clergy at the bishop's palace, he was taken to task for his failings by a senior curate who was one of his companions on the way home. "Look here!" said the senior decidedly. "You are a donkey! Why cannot you keep quiet instead of making your asinine remarks? Mind you, I am speaking to you now as a brother!"

A Love Story in Japan.

What would the American reader think, having been brought by the author to that place where the hero's voice becomes soft and the heroine blushes and lowers her eyes, to see a row of asterisks indicating a footnote, which says: "At this point he asked her to marry him." That is what the Japanese have done in the love scene in "John Halifax, Gentleman," so that it might accord with their peculiar sense of delicacy.—World Outlook.

Oil Creaking Shoes.

Have you a pair of shoes that take creaking spells much too frequently for your comfort and pleasure? If you have, simply put a small quantity of linseed oil in a shallow dish or pan and stand the shoe in it for a few hours. This treatment will not only effectually prevent the shoes from continuing in their creaking ways, but it will also make the soles last longer.

Agreed With Daddy.

Marjorie liked to play in the ground feed her father mixed up for his horses. She had been scolded for this without effect. So one day her father, catching her in the act, picked her up and gave her a spanking. As he put her down he said: "Now, my young lady, that is just enough of that." "Me'll say 'tis," came the tearful answer.

The Wind Decides.

In Sumatra the wind decides the length of time a widow shall remain single. Just after her husband's death she plants a flagstaff at her door, upon which a flag is raised. While the flag remains untorn by the wind the etiquette of Sumatra forbids her to marry; but at the first rent, however small, she can lay aside her mourning, assume her most bewitching smile and accept the first man who presents himself.

Cleaning the Oil Stove.

To clean the wicks of either oil lamps or stoves turn them fairly low, so that only the charred part is visible. Then take a small piece of sandpaper and rub over the top of the wick carefully, on both sides, if possible. After this "operation" the flame will burn evenly without smoking, paying you well for the small amount of time expended in cleaning the wick.

Who Leads the Crickets?

An individual cricket chirps with no great regularity when it is by itself, and its chirping is intermittent, especially in the daytime. At night, however, when great numbers of crickets are chirping, the regularity is astonishing; one hears all the crickets in a field chirping synchronously keeping time as if led by the wand of a conductor.

Daughter's Comeback.

Mother—"Shame on you, Dorothy! The idea of letting a boy whom you've known only a week, kiss you! Why, when I was your age a girl was considered vulgar who would let a boy even hold her hand until he'd known her several months." Daughter (innocently)—"And didn't you say, once, mother that it used to take you two weeks to go from New York to Chicago?"—*ale Record.

Announcement...

Our line of Great Western Oak Heaters will be on the sample floor soon. Call and inspect them early. We have other coal heaters and wood stoves of all kinds. Our stock will be complete to fill your needs.

Bayne's Hardware

WHEN SCHOOL OPENS

Each individual who expects to take special training should choose the school best adapted to his or her individual needs.

Rude's Business College

CARTHAGE - MO.

Send for our catalogue, it is free. Fall term starts First Monday in September

Fall Term Joplin Business College "THE JOINER SCHOOL"

Begins September 1, 1920. Phone, call, or write for our elegant new catalogue giving courses of study and rates of tuition. Phone 3286. Address W. B. Joiner, Pres., Joplin, Mo.

Fosdick Hannum & Matthews

Having entered a partnership, I am better able to do Auto Electrical work. Batteries recharged and overhauled. Ignition, lighting, mechanical work, etc.

Philadelphia D. G. Battery

V. MATTHEWS 414 Grant St., Carthage, Mo.

SUMMER EXCURSION TICKETS

TO
Lake, Seashore
and Mountain Resorts

On Sale Daily to September 30th, 1920, Inclusive
Return Limit, October 31st, 1920

BEST REACHED VIA

MISSOURI PACIFIC

For Information and Booklets, Address

C. L. STONE
Passenger Traffic Manager, Missouri Pacific R. R.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

See The News when you want Sale
Printing.